

Fishie's Cliche (Insert Number Here)

by fishie

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(A/N: Yes! I finally got around to another cliché! Can you believe it? Sorry for being gone so long, but I have all this homework every day, and I am now managing a web site!)

The Animorphs were hanging out at Marco's house, since their usual meeting place, Cassie's barn was being sprayed for rats or termites or something like that.

Marco: *prying Euclid from his ankle * So why are we here?

Jake: Well, we're here to discuss our next strategy to fight the-

*Cue puff of blue and purple smoke *

Tobias: *looking around * What was that about?

*Smoke clears revealing nothing *

Jake: that was weird. Anyway, as I was saying-

*Another puff of blue and purple smoke. A girl climbs in the window, short of breath *

Girl: Remember me?

*All the Animorphs shake their heads. *

Girl: I haven't been gone that long have I?

*The Animorphs shrug *

Girl: Maybe you remember me with glasses? I got contacts.

Rachel: I know! You're my cousin.

Girl: *exasperated * no

Tobias: You're that person from UPS?

Girl: *shaking head pityingly * no

Marco: My ex-girlfriend?

Girl: You've never had a girlfriend.

Marco: Oh yeah

Girl: do you give up?

Animorphs: yeah

Girl: *making a cloud of smoke appear * Prepare for trouble!

Cassie: Team Rocket?

Girl: NO! IT'S ME! FISHIE!

Ax: Fishie? You are presumed dead.

Fishie: Dead? No, you're not that lucky.

Marco: Unless you're really a zombie!

Animorphs: AAHHH! ZOMBIE!

Fishie: I'm not a zombie! How dare you say that!

Jake: Why are you bugging us? We fired you after you lost our lawsuit!

Fishie: How was I supposed to know that K.A.A. owned the Yeerks?!

Rachel: Either way, you lost. Now go away.

Fishie: You'd like that, wouldn't you? Nah, I think I like it here with you guys.

Marco: What are you going to do?

Fishie: Well, I'm in a bad mood, thanks to my principal who is making us sit by homerooms for lunch, so I think I'll torture you.

Cassie: *holds up some broken CDs * not with Britney Spears or Nsync.

Fishie: No? I can always bring Visser Three overâ€| I don't know! I'm out of imaginative ideas!

Fishie pouted for awhile. This always happened. She always ran out of ideas while she had the Animorphs at her fingertips! She clapped her hands. Another puff of smoke appeared, revealing some people as it cleared. They were fan fiction authors: Jason and Kyra. They stared at her in disbelief.

Jason: Fishie? I thought you were dead!

Fishie: Why does everyone think that! Don't you people understand that I have a busy schedule?

Kyra: So do we, but we still have time for fan fiction.

Fishie: Okay, I was grounded. You happy now? But I have got an ideaâ€|

Jake: What is it?

Fishie: Well, since you don't like fan fic authors, why don't you let us help you? Then we won't be fan fic authors, we'll be your teammates!

Everybody began to laugh hysterically.

Fishie: What?! What is so funny?!

Rachel: *laughing * How stupid do you think we are?

Fishie: actuallyâ€|

Rachel: don't answer that.

Kyra: Why would we want to do that?

Fishie: Well all the other authors are involved in their fic wars or whatever and we need something to do!

Jason: So why don't we start our own war?

Fishie: *smiling * That's not a bad ideaâ€|but who would we fight? We don't have enough troops to go after the other authors.

Kyra: You're from Saturn. Don't you have any super powers?

Fishie: Nopeâ€|but speaking of powersâ€|

All three authors look at the Animorphs.

Jake: No. Don't even think it.

Fishie: Jakeâ€|buddyâ€|palâ€|

Jake: You are not getting the blue box.

Fishie: come onâ€|

Jake: *light bulb appearing over his head * okayâ€|you can have

it's right over there!

Jake points to a cupboard under Marco's desk. The authors pounced at the door. Behind them, Jake pulled out a remote control and pushed a button. The cupboard exploded and blew the authors through the roof.

Jason, Kyra and Fishie: We're blasting off
agaaaaaaaiiiiiinnnnnn!

They didn't blast very far. Just into a clump of trees. A loud splat was heard, and a bunch of small animals scurried away from the trees.

Later that day!

Fishie walked home. She felt smug, but still felt failure. As usual. She went to her mailbox and pulled out a letter.

Fishie: Ah, my application for psychiatry!

The End?

End
file.